

# OH, GLORIOUS HOPE. (Concluded)

29

Chorus.

Oh, glorious hope, Oh un - seen shore On which the dear one wait - ing stands And

beck - ons me for - ev - er more With gen - tle, gen - tle wav - ing hands.

3 Oh, matchless hope that buoys me up,  
Through life's dark, gloomy halls  
Whose footsteps have yon river crossed,  
Where mortal never falls;  
Of golden sands the unseen shore,  
On which ye waiting stand,  
And beckon me forever more,  
With gentle waving hand.

4 Our vision may not pierce the gloom,  
That darkens o'er the tide,  
And hides from view the roses' bloom,  
Upon the shining side;  
But there's a bliss we often catch,  
In fragrance from the gale,  
Which seems its sweetness to have caught  
From flowers beyond the veil.

5 We mourn not for the long by-gones,  
That died in mortal strife,  
But rather rend these dusty bands,  
Which chain the crystal life;  
While hope beams brighter on the strand,  
And shadows lengthen fast,  
As nearer to her waving hand,  
Each day our anchor cast.